



Mary's husband, Sam Hensel

Mary's husband, Sam Henck



4th
S.M. 1



The Henscher home - It was formerly
L.M. McClinton's law office, before an addition



S. N. HENCH

Samuel Nixon Hench, 87, of Marlinton died Wednesday, November 22, 1961 in Huffer's Nursing Home in Staunton, Va., where he had been a patient two years.

Mr. Hench retired in 1940 after serving as superintendent at the Marlinton tannery. He also was general agent for the John Hancock Insurance Company.

A son of the late L. A. and Alice Hench, he was born June 6, 1874, at Pleasantville, Pa.

He received his education in Pennsylvania and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for 64 years. He was given the congregational honor of Elder Emeritus in 1957 in the Marlinton Presbyter-

ian Church, the first in the history of that church.

Survivors are his wife, Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench; a brother, Norman Hench of Augusta, Ark.; a half-brother, Thomas Hench of Charleston; and two sisters, Mrs. Florence Hammer of Bedford, Pa., and Miss Eva Hench of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Funeral services were conducted at 2:30 p.m. Saturday in the Marlinton Presbyterian Church with the Rev. W. E. Pierce in charge. Burial was in Mountain View Cemetery where graveside rites were under the direction of Marlinton Lodge No. 127, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

Mrs. S. N. Hench

Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench, 82, of Marlinton, died Sunday, February 18, 1973, at the Denmar State Hospital after a long illness.

Born at Huntersville July 7, 1890, she was a daughter of the late Lockhart and Allie Slavens McClintic.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church and an active Sunday School teacher for many years, and was a retired deputy county clerk.

Her husband, Samuel Nixon Hench, and two brothers, George and John Hunter McClintic, preceded her in death.

Survivors include one sister, Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore, of Buckeye, and one niece, Mrs. Lockhart Moore Wyman, of Gahanna, Ohio.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning in the Van-Reenen Funeral Home Chapel by the Rev. Willis Cornelius, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.



Birthday party for Mrs. L. M. McClinton, held by her sons, Hunter & his wife Jennie in
their
home
in
Granston.











Hunter - Wood War I





Lock



Book Allie Alice Hunter Penna Mary





Marguerite Dennison M^{rs} Clintie
and her husband,
Hunter M^{rs} Clintie



Marguerite Demisson M^s Clintie
and her husband
Hunter M^s Clintie

Jordie and his chickens



Dorbie



Hunter McClinton, son of L. M. & Allie Slaven M.



THE JEFFERSON R

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Lee Gardner Strider
distinction of being
pacity. The story w
all of it. Miss Strid
Another personality
L. M. McClintic of
lined story relating
30 house guests at
honor of Mr. McClint
birthday, and Mrs. H
Ala., who was celebr

The Jefferson Republican newspaper carries in each issue a Personality of The Week. Last week's issued featured a story about Miss Carrie Lee Gardner Strider, Deputy Sheriff of Jefferson County, who has the distinction of being the first woman in West Virginia to serve in that capacity. The story was quite interesting and we're sorry we cannot reprint all of it. Miss Strider is a sister of Mrs. L. N. Strider of Clover Lick. ● Another personality of the last week — and one of our own — was Mrs. L. M. McClintic of Marlinton. The Charleston paper contained a headlined story relating that Mr. and Mrs. Hunter McClintic had entertained 30 house guests at an open house at their home on Kanawha Avenue in honor of Mr. McClintic's mother (Mrs. L. M.) who was celebrating her 85th birthday, and Mrs. Hunter McClintic's father, J. A. Denison of Stevenson, Ala., who was celebrating his 81st birthday.



Hunter and his wife, Jennie



S.N. Warch, Jennie, Jack Moore
 Back row - Mary, Frankie Moore, Alice Moore
Winter

tributes for
George (Fosie) Mc Clintic

GINIA, JUNE 8, 1906

FATALLY INJURED.

Young Son of Hon. L. M. McClintic Dies as
Result of Fall from Horse.

The entire community was greatly shocked last Tuesday morning when the report was circulated that George McClintic, son of Hon. L. M. McClintic, was dead. Very few knew that he had been injured the day before and even those who knew were not acquainted with the seriousness of the injury.

Exactly how the accident happened no one is prepared to say. He, with his older brother John and Paul Yeager were in swimming in the early part of the afternoon and about two o'clock they started home. George was riding a horse and his two companions were walking some distance behind and out of the way. The two boys heard the running and on coming out the road they found George lying on the ground. He was carried to the house and doctors were summoned. An examination showed that after falling from the horse it had stepped on him with two of its feet and death was caused by internal injuries and hemorrhages. Death occurred about ten o'clock Tuesday morning.

George was a very quiet boy and was the idol of his parents and all who knew him. He was just entering his thirteenth year, having passed the twelfth milestone of his life last January. Funeral services were conducted at the Presbyterian church Wednesday afternoon by Revs. Wm. T. Price, D. D., G. W. Nickell and Geo. P. Moore. As a mark of respect all the business houses were closed during the hour services were held and a large congregation was present at the church. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. The funeral was held at 2 o'clock and the remains were interred in the cemetery. The sympathy of the entire community was extended to his sorrowing relatives.

A Memorial Tribute.

Tuesday, June 5th, 11 a. m. 1906, George, second son of Hon. L. M. and Mrs. Alice McClintic, Marlinton W. Va., died in the 19th year of his age, at the home of his parents. On Monday he was thrown from his horse, receiving the injuries that terminated fatally. With heroic fortitude, George endured his sufferings and was calmly self possessed to the latest moments. He assured his devoted mother with his last remembered words that he was praying, and that he wanted everybody to be good. It was a touching instance, when the person apparently most in need of consolation, should himself become the comforter, bringing to mind such Bible words as these: "But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the solace of my lips should assuage your grief," Job, 16:15. As the tidings of George's death went abroad, the entire community, old and young were seemingly convulsed by sorrowful regrets, and the manifestations of heartfelt sympathy were deeply impressive. During the time occupied by the funeral exercises all business was suspended, and an immense audience assembled in and about the church, from far and near. The services were conducted by pastor G. W. Nickell, opened by Rev G. P. Moore and Wm T. Price. The immense procession attended the remains to the Marlinton Cemetery, the Pall Bearers being selected from George's young friends and schoolmates. The floral tributes were varied, exquisitely arranged, and too numerous for special mention. Of the hundreds who were present at the burial, none will ever forget the thrilling scene, of that sunset hour, and its tearful associations. Instead of sinking fast, the "latest sun" seemed to pause, and with beams of golden splendor, to point out silently but eloquently the way the ministerial angels on their snowy wings, had borne the redeemed soul of our much loved young friend. No may it be with us all, that we may live a glorious day in the life to come.

In Memoriam.

Lines written to the memory of young George L. McClintic who was mortally hurt by a favorite horse, and soon after died on June 5th 1906, aged twelve years and five months.

Only a boy, and a fair young boy,
With promise of life in view;
So active of limb, so bright within,
So pleasant of face and true.

He moved about among us here,
We met him from day to day;
He sat with the children at the school,
And joined with them in play.

The sun shone on the paths of his youth,
With promise of life in view;
So active of limb, so bright within,
So pleasant of face and true.

It's never a cloud between;
It storms can blacken the breast
And storm clouds can blacken the breast
And storm clouds can blacken the breast

Tom, Ah! how charged the scene,
A mortal hurt on a summer day,
And the gloom of darkness fell;
Unseen conflict with Death to win.

And sad as Ah! who can tell
But that youthful spirit rose up
And words of sweet comfort came,
Such words as are treasured
sacredly,
As long as this life shall last,
His simple religion, to be "good,"
What more can the wisest teach?
"I've prayed, Mamma," and we
surely know,
That prayer did Heaven reach.
"Tell all the people they must
be good,
"They must love the Lord and
pray:
"And Mamma don't you cry so
much,
"For I shall be well today."
And in the best sense the boy
grew "well,"
No more to suffer pain;
And nought that this earth can
bring of harm
Should trouble him again.
His broken form was gently laid
"Neath the summer sod to rest;
But his happy soul had burst the
bands,
For the holy and the blessed,
A. L. P.

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ceased was held and showing the
sympathy of the entire commu-
nity toward his sorrowing relatives.

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A Memorial Tribute

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May its departing ray,

Be calm as that

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young George L. McClintic who
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He sat with the children at the
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And joined with them in play.
The sun shone on the paths of his
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With never a cloud between;

But storms can blacken the bluest
skies,

Then, Alas! how charged the
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A mortal hurt on a summer day,

And the gloom of darkness fell;
Uneven conflict with Death to win
And sadness Ah! who can tell?

But that youthful spirit rose up
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And words of sweet comfort cast,
Such words as are treasured
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As long as this life shall last.

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That prayer did Heaven reach.

"Tell all the people they must
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"They must love the Lord and
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"And Mamma don't you cry so
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"For I shall be well today."

And in the best sense the boy
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No more to suffer pain;
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Should trouble him again.

His broken form was gently laid
'Neath the summer sod to rest:
But his happy soul had burst the
bonds,

For the holy and the blessed.

A. L. P.



Alice



Sometimes valuable are thrown
in the waste basket - by mistake.

Once
small
have
if you
have
near

Once when Alice had done
something she shouldn't
have her father said "Alice,
if you do that again I
have to let you know
again."





Alice with her mother and father



Alice with Duntan
and her mother



Lillian



Alice
3 yrs. old



Alice and her father







Dear Santa Claus.

I want you to bring me a big
Teddy bear, and a ball.

and I want you to bring me
a dolly, and a monkey

that will climb a rope
and one or two books

and a jewelry box and a

little knife, and a game
of marbles

Alice M. Cloutier





Alice M^cClintic



West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

Commencement

West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

Commencement

Tuesday, June the Seventh
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN
TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE
MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA



St. Mark's Cathedral
in
Venice



St. Mark's Cathedral
in
Venice

Taken when Alice went with a tour group
to Europe.



While Alice was visiting Hunter and Fernie in Charleston
this picture appeared in the Gazette.













Loebis.



Junior Sponsors at a Prom
Alice — Francisco Mc-Wee

Marlinton High School Faculty



Bottom Row -

Ella Fitchard - - Alice McMoore

Top Row

- - Arnold Yeager, Principal

Edith May

Francis McElwee



Alisa, Allie & Lockie



Alice and Jack



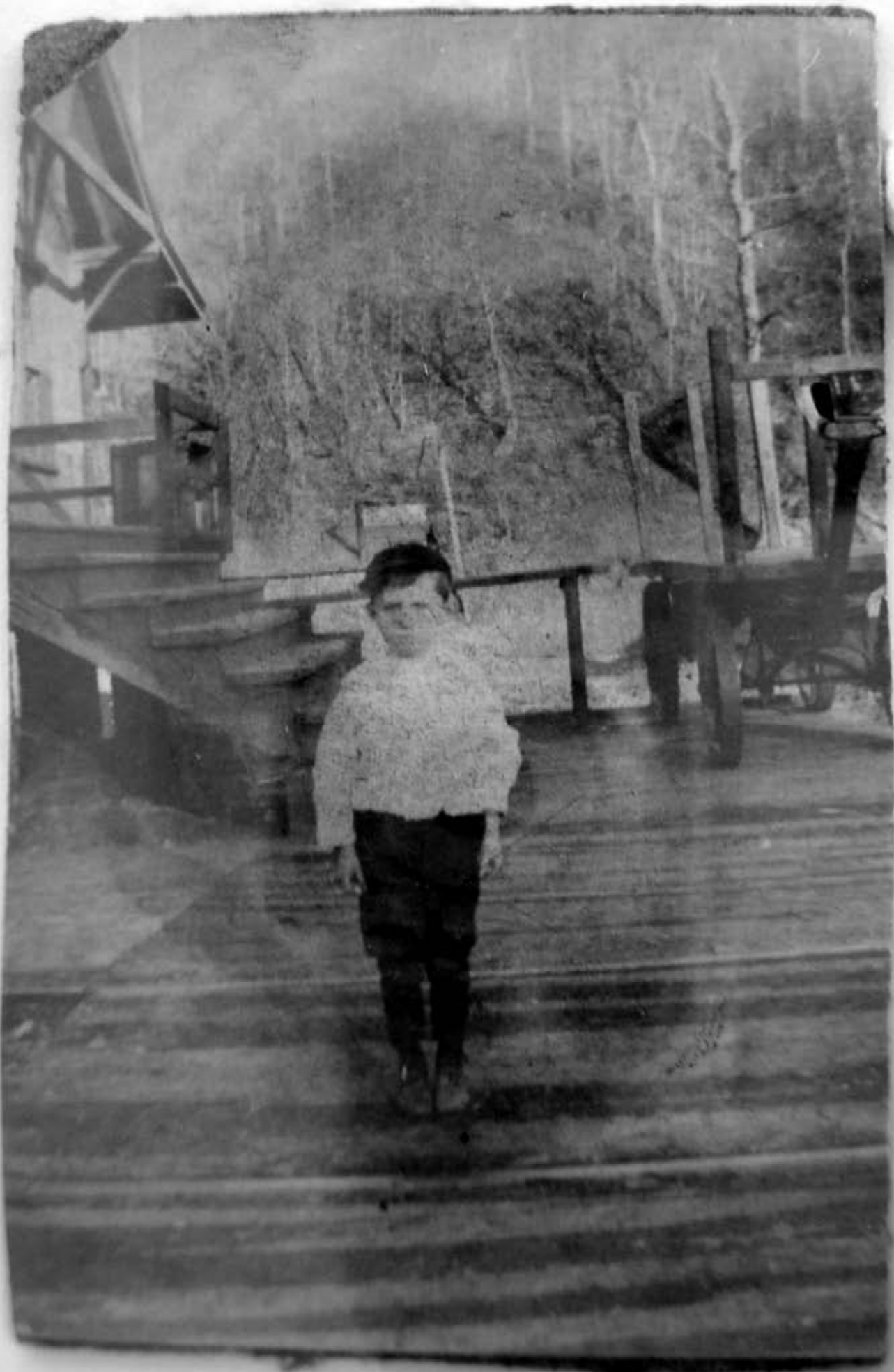
Back row - Catherine McClinton - Hunter Mc-
 Middle row - Mary Hensh (Alice Moore, Betty Mc-
 Bottom row - Locke Moore Wynnon



Jack Moore,
Alice's husband











Here's Diddy... ¹⁹⁷²

By Diddy Mathews Palmer

The conversation began with a weather discussion and ended, after a more-or-less logical progression of topics, on the subject of English teachers.

It went something like this:

"The weather forecasts printed in local newspapers baffle and fascinate me," someone said. "Like the one this morning. The Gazette reported that there would be 'rain changing to chance of snow'. If rain can change to 'chance of snow,' then what IS 'chance-of-snow'? It sounds to me as if 'chance-of-snow' is an intermediate element that falls from the sky after the rain stops and the real-McCoy snow starts..."

★ ★ ★

THIS REMINDED somebody else in the group of a book he was reading. "Speaking of weirdly-worded sentences, why do so many writers fall into the misplaced-modifier trap? This book I'm reading, written by a Charleston author, is full of misplaced modifiers. For example, the author says 'Jane spent all evening talking to people on the telephone that she hadn't seen in 30 years'. . . As I read it, the character in the novel hadn't seen the telephone in 30 years. Why had someone hidden it from her for three decades?"

. . . And this reminded another person of her father's all-time favorite fouled-up sentence—one that he had read somewhere many years ago . . . "The day that the party was to be held that night dawned auspiciously."

★ ★ ★

FROM THE subject of poorly-constructed sentences, the conversationalists jumped to words and mispronunciation. Somebody said he had recently heard a TV actor pronounce "halcyon" as "hally-con" . . . And another said that in the current TV production of "Elizabeth R", the actress Glenda Jackson consistently uses the dictionary-silenced "t" in the word "often" . . . And another said it bothered him that no one ever pronounced the word "jodhpurs" right, invariably transposing the "h" and the "p" to pronounce the word "jod-fers" instead of "jod-pers"

★ ★ ★

"THERE MUST be no good English teachers left", sighed someone in the group. "The best one I ever had was Miss Alice McClintic, in Charleston High School. I wonder what became of Miss McClintic?"

. . . And THIS part of the conversation reminded ME that I had a column to write, and that Miss Alice McClintic . . . whom I happened to know had been Mrs. Jack Moore since 1935 . . . would be a good subject for this column's "I WonderWhat-Became-Of" series.

So off went a letter to Alice, dutifully relaying the above compliment and urgently requesting further information about her activities and whereabouts.

"If you v
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and they
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Alice
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and Mia
Charl
quar in

WonderWhat-Became-Of" series.

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★ ★ ★

WHERE ARE THEY NOW (3)

Subject: Alice McClintic Moore

"If you write anything about me, please do not brag me up as you were doing in your letter", Alice writes from her home at Buckeye, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. "And don't you dare say I was 'the best English teacher Charleston High ever had', as you said in your letter. If you do, I'll drive down to Charleston and BITE you, so there."

"I was not so good a teacher as many others I can name", she continues. "Miss Jo Mathews, Miss Katie Belle Abney and Miss Pearle Knight all were teaching at CHS when I was and they all helped me in many ways. And every year I taught, I learned a little more about how to teach."

★ ★ ★

ALICE GRADUATED from West Virginia University (where she roomed with a Charlestonian, the late Florence Lakin Deveny), taught in Marlinton for a year and then at CHS from 1928 to 1935. She married Jack Moore and moved to Morgantown.

"The year our daughter Lockhart, our only child, was born we moved to Marlinton and soon after that. I went back to teaching, at Marlinton High School," she said. I continued to teach there until June, 1966, when I retired, but continued to substitute there until last fall."

Lockhart was named for her grandfather, Lockhart Mathews McClintic, a brother of the late Judge George McClintic of Charleston. She is now Mrs. Bostwick Wyman, wife of a mathematics professor at Stanford University in California. Alice says that a friend once commented that it was undoubtedly the first time in the history of the world that a first-name Lockhart ever married a first-name Bostwick.

★ ★ ★

AS FOR their present activities, Alice and Jack are now obviously enjoying retirement. "We are both well and busy", she wrote. "We have three dogs, we feed birds, squirrels, rabbits, trout (Swago Creek flows through our backyard) and - inadvertently - a few raccoons and possums. Most of the time we stay at home, but we have flown to California to see Lockhart since she's been there. I think of myself as a very active woman. . . I walk dogs on the mountain, swim in Knapp Creek, work a large vegetable garden and, of course, keep house for Jack."

Alice also reads the Gazette every day. She says "I am a great admirer of L. T. Anderson and I also like James Dent and Miss Mary Walton. I've only one complaint about the Charleston paper: they need a proofreader for their Crypto-

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THE LAST paragraph reveals another of Mrs. Moore's hobbies. She's a puzzle-worker, and that includes the Saturday Review's Double Crostics.

So now Alice's local friends and former students know a little of what she's been up to since she chickened-out of Charleston. She says, by the way, that her CHS classes included "such widely different students as Marshall Buckalew and Dickie Drumheller."

And I hope she will notice that I have not once said that she was the best English teacher Charleston High ever had, just as she requested. This should be a load off her mind and off mine, too: I can cancel the order I had placed with the Marlington Muzzle-Maker and need have no futher fear of being bitten.

The Charleston Gazette *Tuesday, March 7, 1972

Alice at school -



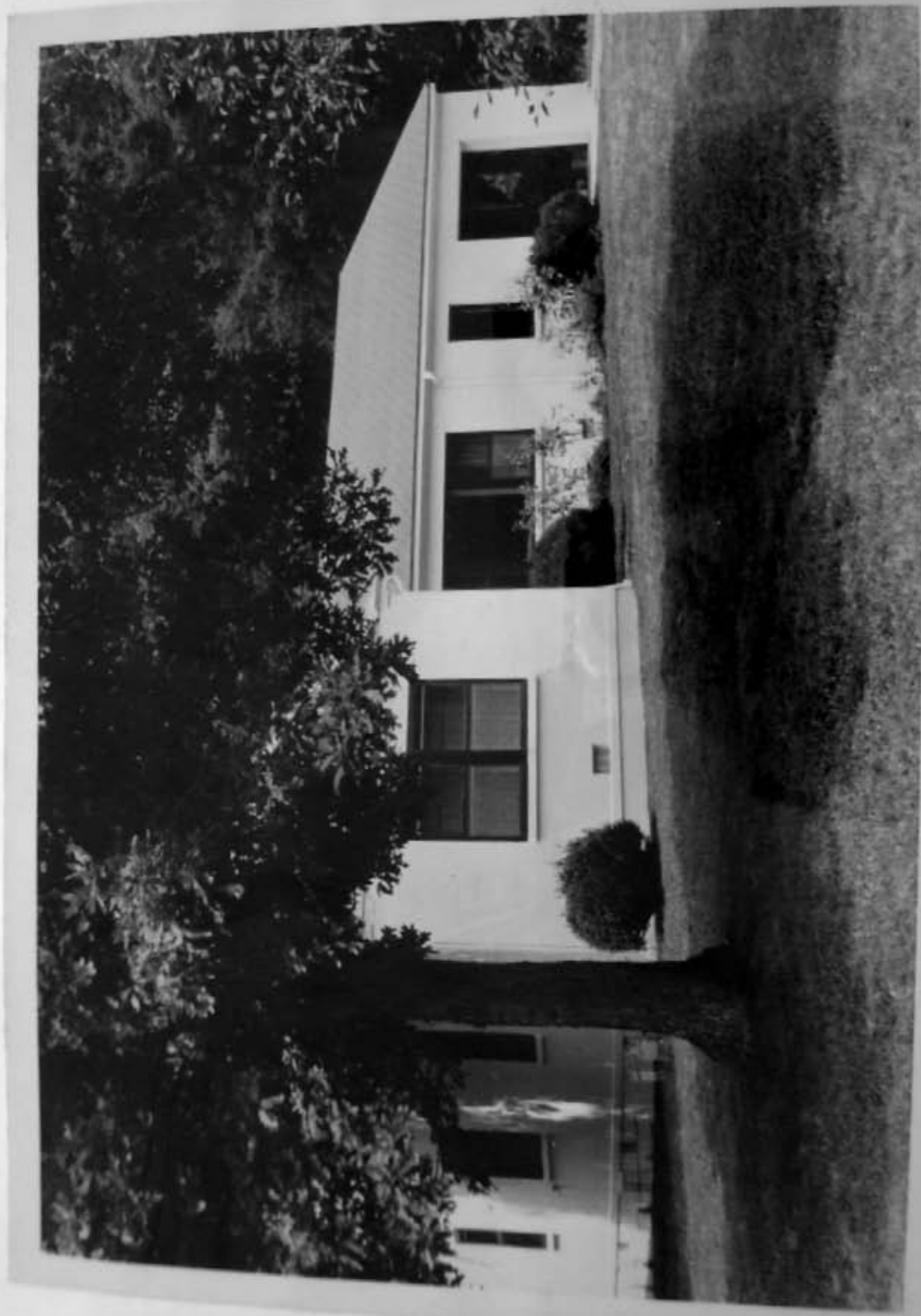
set set calling set
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Progressive form that for
he has been calling
Progressive form that for
he has been calling

erase



Alice and Jack's home



N. J. Moore

Norbert James (Jack) Moore, 75, of Route 1, Buckeye, died Thursday, February 12, 1976, in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital. He had been in ill health the past year.

Mr. Moore was a retired employee of the Department of Highways.

He was a member of St. Catherine's Catholic Church at Ronceverte.

He was born near Kane, Pennsylvania, May 26, 1900, the son of John and Laura Weaver Moore.

Surviving him are his wife, Alice McClintic Moore. A daughter, Lockhart Moore Wyman, and two brothers, Marion and Harold Moore, preceded him in death.

Services were held at the VanReenen Funeral Home Saturday Morning by Father Edward McDonald with burial in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic Moore

Alice McClintic Moore, 81, of Buckeye, died Saturday, March 29, 1986, in Alleghany Regional Hospital in Low Moor, Virginia.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church.

She was graduated from West Virginia University, Middleburg College, and Breadloaf School of English. She taught in Charleston High School from 1928 to 1935. She later taught in Marlinton High School, retiring in 1966.

Born November 7, 1904, in Marlinton, she was the daughter of Lockhart Mathews and Nannie Alice Slaven McClintic.

Preceding her in death were her husband, N. J. Moore, in 1976; their daughter, Lockhart (Lockie) Moore Wyman, in 1973; a sister, Mary McClintic Hensch; and two brothers, John Hunter McClintic and George Lockhart McClintic.

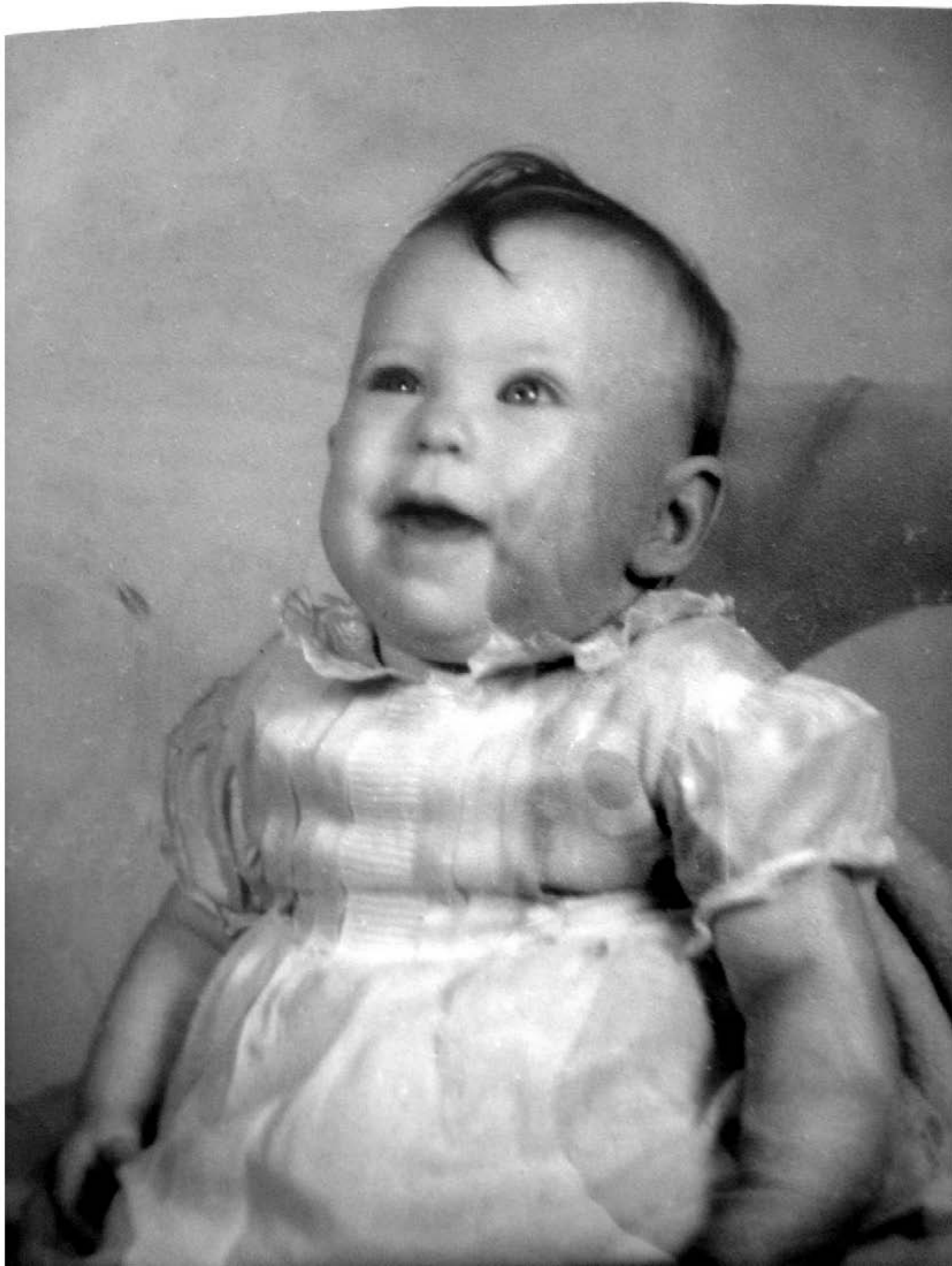
Her only survivor is her cousin, Elizabeth (Betty) McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Swago Farms, Buckeye.

Graveside services were held at 11 a. m. Monday by the Rev. Richard Newkirk in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic and Jack Moore's daughter

Lockhart, Mrs. Clintic Moore - 6 mos. old





Rockie, 1 yr. old







Lockie N



hove

Loe















Botwin's brother, Alice, Betty, Bob, sister
 Botwin, Robbie, Jack, Bob
 mother.







Lockie
at

Wellesley

Lockie.

Rockie,
wearing
her
grandmother's
wedding
dress
(Allie's
Slavens
dress)



Navalinton High School cheer leaders



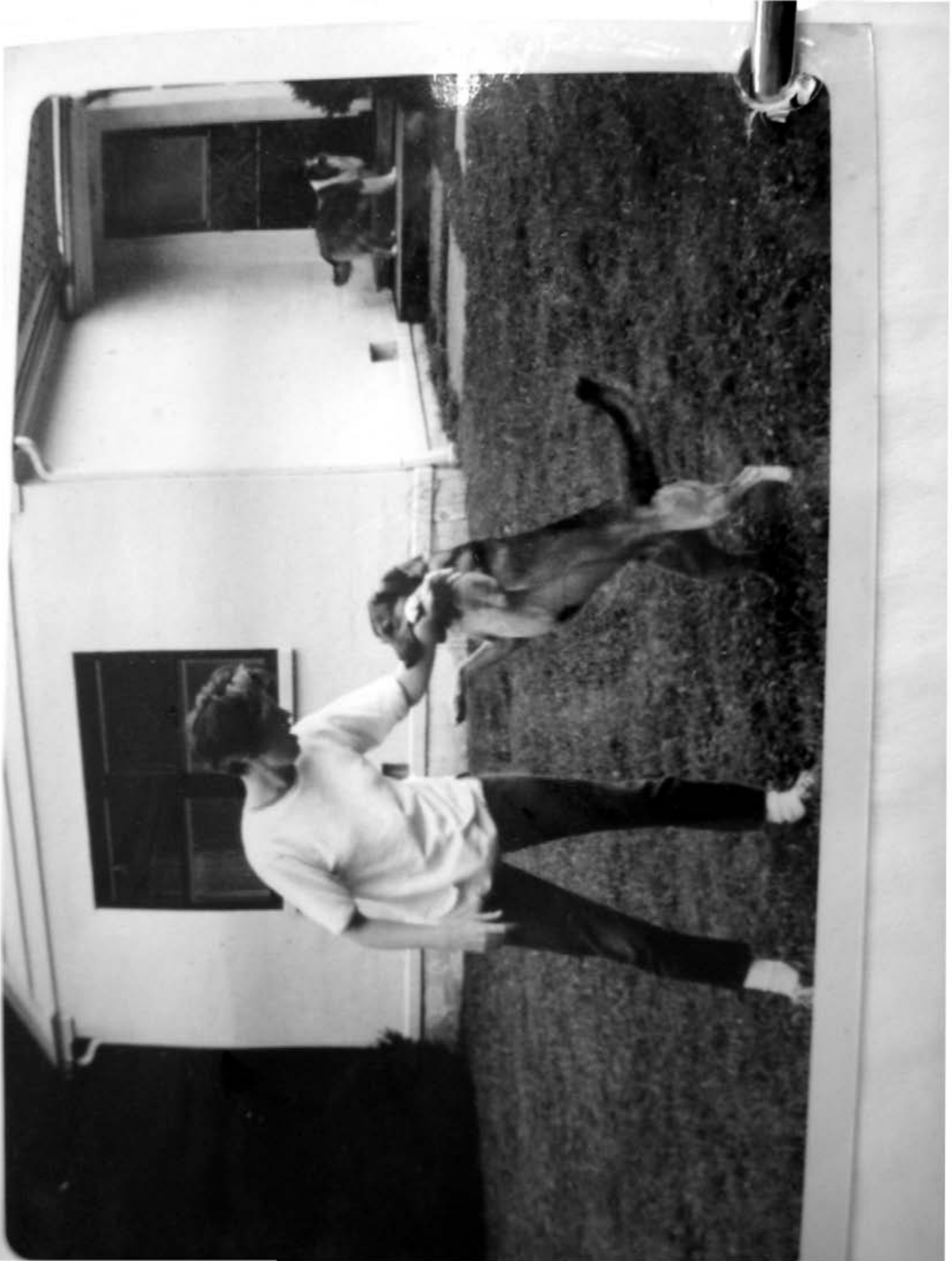
Pat Sharp

Loekie

Jennie Sharp

Barbara Brumage







ATTEMPTS

by

LOCKIE

I love the sultry heat of summer nights
and yet it lacks the power to drug my soul.
I grow more discontent; each breeze incites
my restive spirit to an unknown goal.

I know not my desires nor their strange force;
I think I search for things one never sees.
I pray I'll someday recognize their source;
Life holds too many unsolved mysteries.

I stand in wind. No longer tame,
My soul will soar from out my frame
To far beyond the struggling world.
It flies forever free--and then,
Despite the heights where it was hurled,
It silently returns again
As after day a flag is furled.

Unless imprinted on my brain
My memories will depart.
And yet, if certain things occur,
Despite time's tendency to blur,
They will return, just as before
Awakened in my heart.

I stand benumbed, completely still

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I stand benumbed, completely still
And wonder where and when
This situation first took place.
Remembrance brings me face to face
With things death only can erase--
Though they may fade again.

You feel you understand yourself
But I am filled with doubt.
For turbulence can rule within
While calm is seen without.

You think yourself inscrutable
But I for one can see
Myself in you, and how confused
I know us both to be.

Between unlike emotions
Division 's never great.
Too often blind devotions
Are intertwined with hate.

Pain's woven tight with pleasure
And courage born of fear;
Hard laboring and leisure
Are varied, yet not clear.

When all these things I ponder
I'm thankful for my breath
because I can but wonder
How close life is to death.

You say I am bound for perdition,
And that I deserve endless hell.
Do you judge by your own damned condition?
When did you come to know me so well?

It's useless to blame and abuse me.
When you purse up your lips and you nod
I can laugh. Who are you to accuse me?
We will answer together to God.

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